



# Monmouth Worsted

*Enter*

In the WEST:

O R,

*His Care and Grief for the Death of his poor SOULDIERs.*

Together with his Worthy Sayings, while he remained obscure in a silent Grove,  
In presence of some of his particular Friends.

To the Tune of, *The Souldiers Departure.*

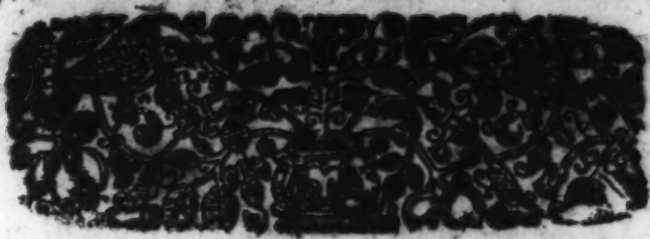


**N**ow we see the Fight is over,  
now poor Monmouth must away,  
All our strength they do discover,  
and seek my life for to betray:  
Come let us away to Holland,  
there we shall be safe I'm sure,  
And my Men will follow after,  
there we shall be all secure.

**I**f I had but An union,  
I could quickly win the field,  
But I'm left in a bad condition,  
so my Enemies I must yield:

Yet I have so great a Spirit,  
that I will not thus give o're,  
Tho' I may a while defer it;  
yet I'll face my Foes once more.

Brittains Rights I am renewing,  
can this give a just offence?  
Those that glory in my Ruine,  
I in time may recompence:  
For I'll have a stronger Army,  
and of Ammunition store,  
I'll have Drums & Trumpets charming,  
when as I come on Englands shore.



I will give them thundring Battle,  
when I do return again,  
And when roaring Guns do Rattle,  
who dare say that I am slain?  
Charge them to the highest Center,  
for to make the Papists flye,  
Life and Fortune I will venter,  
to reward their Cruelty.

My poor Souldiers they was taken,  
and in drowes to Prison sent,  
This may protestants awaken,  
to behold Romes black intent:  
They shew not a grain of pity,  
which does grieve my heart full sore,  
for in ev'ry Town and City,  
they were hang'd at their own dore.

There they ript their Bellies open,  
and their Bowels burn'd hard by,  
Tell me, is not this a Token  
of the Acts of Cruelty?  
Nay, they cut them into Quarters,  
while they reekt in purple Gore,  
Never was there such like Creatures,  
in a Christian Land before.

Tho' poor Souls, their Lives were ended,  
yet, alas! this would not do,  
Malice further still extended,  
for they boyl'd their Quarters too:  
All to terrifie the Nation,  
with my poor dead mangl'd Men,  
While each tender dear Relation,  
needs must be afflicted then.

This is now my greatest trouble,  
for to hear their fatal Down,  
I for this will strokes redouble,  
on the Scarlet Whore of Rome;  
Who delights in nought but Murther,  
as in truth it does appear,  
But I'll send her flying further,  
when I bring next Army here.

Tho' this is a Dismal Story,  
of the fall of my design,  
Yet I'll come again in Gloze,  
Protestants with me will joyne  
With fresh forces I will Rally,  
scorning thus to be controul'd,  
At the Head of each Battalia,  
Noble great Commanders bold.

Tho' I come with flying Banner,  
to the Land which I belong,  
I declare upon my Honour,  
not a Subject will I wrong  
Of the Protestant Profession,  
whom I ever did adore,  
Think upon this dear Expression,  
Heavens Bless you evermore.

He no sooner this had ended,  
but they seiz'd his Royal Grace,  
And his Person they attended  
to a more secure place:  
After that to London City,  
where on Tower-Hill he dy'd,  
All his friends was mov'd with pity,  
while his foes was satisfy'd.

Printed for G. H. in the Year 1688.

27m 174